

IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH.

VOL. XIII. No. 11.]

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THE MEDDLESOME BOY.

HOW many boys and girls there are who like to do anything they ought not to! When I was a boy I went to a fair in New York, and was very much interested in the machinery. There was a small one with a large "cog-wheel," and it was marked very plainly

HANDS OFF THE MACHINERY!

I thought I would just put my fingers on the big wheel, and see how it "went." I laid three fingers on the cogs, and turned the wheel. The first thing I knew I was caught between the big wheel and a little one, and the ends of three fingers were partly torn off. I ran quickly to a surgeon, and had them sewed on, but they were never the proper shape afterwards; and I never think of them without remembering that it is best not to be too meddlesome

in matters that are forbidden, or that are not my business.

The boy in the picture is just as meddlesome as I was. He thought he would bathe the baby, while his mamma was out of the room, but he was in too much of a hurry to undress him. You see he is squeezing the sponge full of water on the poor child's head! I hope he will remember how the baby screamed, and will not be meddlesome any more. Don't you remember Solomon said, "*Every fool will be meddling.*"

N.

PROUD OF DOING RIGHT.

KITTY tried to please Jesus in little things; for it is only little things that a child can do, and Jesus takes note of all. For a time, she did very well; but, like many older Christians, she would sometimes forget the meek and lowly Saviour, and fall into sin.

The chief way in which she erred was in taking praise to herself for doing right. For instance, one day she was at play with her little neighbor, Lottie Smith. Lottie's mother called her, several times, to do something for her; but the child paid no attention. Quickly Kitty said to herself, "I don't make my mother speak so often to me." At another time she gave up her playthings to please her little sister, although she wanted them very much herself; and she wondered why her mother did not praise her. So much did she desire this praise, that the next kind thing she did was on purpose to be praised. But her mother said nothing, and Kitty's little vain heart was so wounded that she said, "It's no use trying to be good if nobody notices it." She spoke these words, softly, however, and her mother did not hear.

Now Kitty, on the day of which I am speaking, had yielded so much to this desire for praise, that at last she could not resist it. And this is the way with all wrong feelings; the more they are indulged the stronger they grow. But, as I observed, she was longing for praise; so, after tea, she went up to her mother and said, —

"Mamma, don't you think I have done a great many good things, to-day?"

"Why do you ask, dear?" said her mother.

"Because you haven't praised me a bit."

"That is because I have heard my little girl boast, several times to-day, of her good actions."

Kitty hung her head; for she remembered many instances of this kind, which, if her mother had not spoken, she might have forgotten.

Her mother added, "You are no worse than older Christians, my child. Pride creeps into the heart imperceptibly, and it is because I wish to help you, that I mention this. There is a little verse which I want you to learn: 'Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.'"

Kitty sat silent, for several moments, during which she was thinking to herself, "'Vaunteth' means boasteth, and 'puffed up' means proud. Is that the way with me?"

But while she was thinking, up springs pride, in another place. She cannot bear to have her mother see these things in her, and she bursts into tears, saying, "O, mamma; how badly you're thinking of me."

"On the contrary, my dear, I think you a very affectionate, kind little girl; but are you without faults?"

"O, no, mamma."

"Then, will you not be willing to have me point them out to you; or do you wish to appear better to me than to your Saviour, who knows all that is in your heart?"

"O, no, mamma; I do not."

"You want to become meek and humble, like Him; and just such a little girl as He can love?"

"Yes; I do, mamma. O, don't you think He loves me?" asked the child anxiously.

"Yes; very much more than I do; because He is far greater and holier than I; and you know that I love you with all your faults."

"O, mamma, does He love me more than *you* do?" She sat still awhile, thinking of this, and soon

added, "He laid down his life for me. Yes; He must love me more. Mamma, I wish I could become just as good as can be, all at once; so as never to displease Him."

"He has more patience with you than that. All He wishes is for you to learn a little of Him every day; and some lessons are hard. It is hard to subdue pride, and to be willing that none but Jesus should know how many good things you have done; but his Holy Spirit will help you to this. So, while I am busy, will you not go and tell Him all about your faults, and ask Him to help you become meek and humble?"

Kitty did so; and she never entirely forgot the lessons of that day. She would often say to herself, "'Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.' Charity means a love such as Jesus has. If I have this, I shall not want any other praise but his. I shall not want other people to know all the good things which I do; and I will be willing to have mamma or others tell me when I do wrong, so as to help me become better." M. P. H.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1872.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

NEW BOOKS.

THE Tract Society is just publishing some new and very valuable books, besides the new tracts it sends out. One of these books is about prayer, and it contains one of the sweetest stories about an old man who prayed, that ever I read. Another of the books is about what two good women did among the poor and sick, and there are some very interesting chapters in that. But the one that you will all like best is called "On Papa's Lap." It is full of pictures, and talks about them. It is just as if your papa should take you on his lap and talk to you.

"THE NEW YEAR: The National Family Almanac, for 1873" will be out by the time this paper reaches you. It costs 20 cents, and is a great deal better than the one last year was, and people said that was very good. This year it has a very fine engraved cover.

WE are trying to make this paper, *The Christian Banner*, and *Apples of Gold*, all better the next year than ever before. We hope all of our subscribers who can will get us some new names for our list. Look at the *Prospectus* and terms, on the fourth page.

LOST ON A PRAIRIE.

DON'T you say a prayer, Hattie?" "I have been praying," said the elder girl, and she sobbed aloud, as she rocked back and forth, her hands clasped, and her head bowed.

"O, Alice, Alice! I am so afraid we shall never get home again."

"I cannot cry any more," said the other, as she laid her head on Hattie's lap. "I am so cold, and I feel so strangely. Please, Hattie, say a prayer aloud; God may hear, and help us."

Hattie prayed. At first, through sobs and tears, the blessed words of "Our Father" came; but as she went on, the sobs died away, her voice became firmer, her clasped hands were raised to heaven. She paused a little as she finished the familiar prayer. Then she said, with feeling, "We are two little girls, Lord, lost on the prairie; please help us to get home, and we will be so good."

The two girls were lost. The snow was coming fast, and blinded them. Then they felt as if they must pray. There was no other help, and they prayed with all their hearts. Only one said the words, but there is no doubt both prayed. Their prayer was answered, and they did get home.

I have told you this story because I believe it is

true, and will do us good to remember. I was lost on a great Iowa prairie one cold night, and know how it feels. How can it do us good to remember this story?

It will give us an example of asking God for just what we want. The girls did not pray for the heathen, but for themselves. There are times to pray for the heathen, but this was not one of them. They prayed to be taken home. That was what they wanted. Suppose we stop before we pray next time, and think what we want, and pray for that. It is delightful to pray, I think. Y.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY LYDIA G. WELCH.

OTHER," asked Georgie Gardner, as he looked up from his Sunday-school lesson, "what kind of ships did they have on the sea of Galilee?"

"Not much like the steamship we went to see, the other day," said his sister Grace. "That would almost reach across it."

"There were no steam-vessels in Bible times," replied the mother, "and probably the sailing ships did not much resemble those built now. All kinds of craft seem to have been called ships."



LOST ON A PRAIRIE.

"How long is the sea of Galilee?" inquired Georgie.

"Perhaps thirteen miles," Mrs. Gardner answered.

"I can remember that," said George; "a baker's dozen. I should call it a lake."

Grace answered, "It is called Lake Tiberias and Lake Gennesaret."

Mrs. Gardner said: "When your father and I were there, only one ship was on the sea, and that was a curious, crazy boat, with oars and one ragged sail."

"Did you go on the water?" they asked.

"Yes, once. It was one of those hot, sultry days, when you constantly feel that you would be cooler somewhere else. Our tent was pitched under the burning sun, and I thought there must be a breeze on the water, and persuaded your father to go. The sun beat down upon us fearfully, and it seemed even hotter than on land. There was not a ripple on the water. We looked out on the hills in whose rocky sides are the ancient tombs, and we almost wished ourselves in them."

Grace remarked: "Perhaps it was there the man lived who was possessed of a legion of devils that went into the swine. Doesn't Luke say that he didn't abide in any house, but in the tombs?"

"Yes; and Mark says that night and day he was in the mountains and in the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones. I do not wonder that the people were afraid when they saw this man sitting

calmly at Jesus' feet, and knew that it was the same who had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces. No wonder they feared the power of one who could command even the unclean spirits, and besought Him to depart out of their coasts."

"The poor man must have been very thankful to Jesus."

"Yes; it is not strange that he asked to be with Him. 'Howbeit, Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.' Like many others, he was to find his work at home, and among his friends. Unlike some of us, he was willing to do as the Master bade him, although it was not in the way of his own choosing."

"Were you too uncomfortable to enjoy the sail?"

"At first we were, but soon a light breeze sprung up, and we began to realize where we were, — on that sea on which the Son of God walked in human form, where He often took ship to go over unto the other side, and where He stilled the waves and the tempests. On those coasts He had walked and talked and done many mighty works. There He had commanded the multitude to sit down on the

grass, while he fed the five loaves and two fishes to the five thousand.

"In one of those bays, James and John were mending their nets when Jesus called them. Here Peter and Andrew were fishing when He said unto them, 'Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.'"

"I think it is very strange," said Grace, "that Christ chose those rude men to be his disciples. The learned men must have better known the prophecies concerning Him, and I should think they would have been better prepared to understand Him, beside being less distasteful."

"So it would seem. But his ways are not our ways. The promptness with which they followed Him is noteworthy. I thought as you do, when I saw those filthy, ugly Arabs, desecrating ground once consecrated by the presence of the world's Redeemer. How I despised and abhorred them! Then I thought how infinitely greater was the distance between Christ and those rough, ignorant men to whom He patiently taught the mysterious meaning of his life and death, and to whom He committed the dispensation of a gospel that should evangelize the world, by the simple means of faith and love. And I resolved that I would never again comment on the weakness or imperfection of any of Christ's ambassadors."

Georgie guessed that any of them was as good as Peter was in the outset.

Grace expressed herself as gratified that they did not need to exercise this charity toward Mr. Harwell, their pastor.

Mrs. Gardner continued: "Away to the north of us was snowy Hermon, a peak of the mountains of Lebanon."

"Is that where the big cedars grow?" interrupted George.

"Yes, on the highest ranges of Lebanon grew those cedars to which such frequent allusion is made in the Old Testament, but they are so poorly protected that they are disappearing. I was telling you of the lake. Suddenly the wind swept through the gorges, and a terrible tempest arose. The rain fell fast, and the sea was angry. It was doubtless on such troubled waters as these that Jesus walked. It is not strange that Peter's faith failed."

"I wonder that he dared start at all," said George.

The mother admitted that he must have had considerable faith to get out of the ship, and she went on to say: "Our Arab sailor was either frightened or did not know how to manage the boat. Your father hauled in the sail and took the oars, else I doubt if we had ever landed."

"Do such storms often occur?" Grace asked.

Mrs. Gardner answered, "I was told that they do. The lake is low, and the wind from the mountains drives down through the ravines made by the water-courses."

"I have never seen oleanders so fine as those on the shores of this lake. They grow at least twenty feet high, and bloom profusely."

In this manner, Mrs. Gardner and her children talked of what was suggested by the Sunday-school lesson.

THREE SQUIRRELS.

WHAT a spry and lively creature the squirrel is! We all like to see him, as he jumps from limb to limb, and from tree to tree.

Here are pictures of three sorts of them, the Brown, Black, and Gray. The Brown squirrel lives in Europe, and is very tame, because there are laws against disturbing him. Of the squirrels in America, the Gray is the largest. He builds his nest in the upper branches of the tall trees, of sticks and leaves. It is dry and neat. Black squirrels are a little smaller, and are oftener seen in the West than in the East, and resemble the Gray ones in everything except color. Next month I expect to give you pictures of three other sorts of squirrels.

SUSY'S GOLDEN RULE.

BY KIRKLAND.

WHEN Susy was a little child, not more than five years old, and first went to the Sabbath-school, her mother taught her, or thought she taught her, these words:

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and told her that it was the "Golden Rule," for everybody to live by.

Susy did not know how to read such a long, hard sentence, but her mother repeated it over and over, and made her do so too, till the little one was sure she could "speak her verse." But when she stood up before the whole school, she could not remember how it began, nor how the words came; but after thinking a minute, she promptly said, in a clear voice, so that they all heard her, "What you don't want other children to do to you, you must never do to them."

At this, her teacher smiled all over his face, and said, "Very well, very well," to the happy child; and he was so pleased at her way of saying it, and at the amused look of everybody in the room, that he quite forgot to tell Susy what the right words were; and so she never knew until she was four or five years older, that her "Golden Rule" was not just as it read in the Testament. She always called it her Golden Rule.

But she understood what it meant, even if she did make such a mistake; and after she began to try to be a Christian, which was when she was about

nine, she wanted to do just as it said. But it was often a hard thing to do, to treat other children just as she would like to have them treat her. And the hardest time of all was that very next summer after she had said she was trying to please the Saviour. It was when strawberries were ripe; and it was all on account of the strawberries, too.

Susy's family were poor, as I may have told you; and there was a house full of children to be clothed and fed. And they often went barefooted, and wore poor garments, because there was no money to buy things with. Susy, and the two smaller sisters, and Dick, picked berries, and sold them at the



THREE SQUIRRELS.

houses of the rich people, and in that way got some money; all of which was carefully put away until there was enough to buy a pair of shoes, or something else, to wear to Sabbath-school. There were strawberries, and raspberries, and low blueberries, and high blueberries, and blackberries. The first to come were the strawberries; then the raspberries and low blueberries came almost together; so that there were busy times for them.

The children were never allowed to stay out of school to pick; but the moment they were dismissed, they ran home, put on their poorest clothes, took a piece of bread and cheese, or a slice of coarse gingerbread, and set out with their tin pails on their arms to hunt for berries. Of course they were

eager to get all they could; and they would go two miles away sometimes, if there was any likelihood of their finding a place where they were plenty.

A great many of the school-children went berrying; but there were no others who picked them to sell, except Jenny Lee, whose mother was poor and lame. She and Susy were great friends, and they often went together, and were very happy.

One morning, Susy's brother Dick told her that there were "oceans of strawberries up in Mr. Brown's pasture, dead ripe;" for he had seen them when he went after the cows. "And nobody knows about it," said he; "and we won't tell a living soul; but we will go and get them all, after school to night."

Susy, I am sorry to say, agreed to the plan, and went to school, thinking how nice it was that none of the children would know about it until after they had all been picked, when she would tell them how many quarts she and Dick had got. She would not even let Jenny Lee know, she said to herself.

But Susy did not feel very comfortable about it. One would suppose that she must have been very happy; but it was not a happy day at all. And what made it worse and worse, dear Jenny came at noon, and told her where she thought they might find "as much as a pint of strawberries, apiece," and asked if they could not go together.

Susy felt ashamed when she heard the invitation to pick the one poor pint, and thought of the "oceans," that Dick told about. She did not give a straightforward answer; but said something about "going somewhere with Dick, a great ways off;" and poor little Jenny never guessed where it was. And so, Susy's afternoon was more unhappy than the forenoon had been. O, if something had only whispered to her, "What you don't want other children to do to you, you must never do to them!"

She did not wait that night for Jenny, when school was dismissed; but ran home as fast as she could, pretending not to hear when Jenny called, "Susy! wait! wait for me!"

She got the children ready, and with Dick set out for Mr. Brown's pasture. It was just as he had said. As soon as they were over the bars, they began to find strawberries everywhere, so many that they did not know where to begin to pick. And such large, ripe strawberries, in such fine bunches, Susy had never seen in her life before. Especially in among the ferns, there were "such lots and lots," as they said, that first one and then another would call, "Come here! O, come here! O, do come here!" And they said, "We never will tell anybody until after we have picked them all."

But all those fine berries, and the prospect of so much money, could not make Susy happy. She was as miserable as she could be; and she was thinking of poor, unselfish little Jenny, all alone, picking here and there a poor berry down in a pasture below, when all at once, just as plain as words could be, she seemed to hear this spoken: "What you don't want other children to do to you, you must never do to them." They sounded as if somebody had said them to her. Her heart smote her for her selfishness; and she ran up to Dick, and told him all about Jenny, and how good Jenny had been, and how mean she had been; and asked if he was not willing she should let her know about them.

Dick was just like all other boys, and thought Susy was a silly little thing, to care for such a small matter as that; but he gave his consent. Then Susy pointed to the buff sun-bonnet and blue dress, off down in that old barren pasture, and begged to know if she might not call Jenny up there. There were "so many berries," and there were four of them to be picking.

Dick was not very hard-hearted, and he pitied his conscience-smitten sister so much, that he said she might. Then Susy felt the delight that always comes to one who does right; and you would hardly have known her for the same child, as she stood up on the wall and called, "Jenny! Jenny Lee! O, come up here, do! this minute, just as quick as ever you can! they are ever and ever so thick!"

Thus Susy kept the Golden Rule, at last, though she was very much tempted to break it.

TRYING TO WRITE POETRY.

HERE is very little to be said about the boy in the picture below. He is trying to write poetry, but finds he cannot do it. There are a great many people in the world who are just like him. They wish to do something they cannot do, or are not fit to do. It is a great deal better for us to do what we are fitted to do. Perhaps this boy might go to the pasture and drive the cows home, and it would be better for him to do that, and do it well, than to try to write poetry. God has given each of us something to do. Little boys ought to do what they are told. Big people think sometimes it would be very pleasant to have somebody tell them just what to do. If we wish to do something, we can generally find it to do.

JENNY'S MISTAKE.

HY, Jenny, what makes you look so sad to-day?" inquired Miss C. of a young friend. "O, Miss C., I am all discouraged," was the reply. "Well, my dear, you remember the hymn you sing so often:—
'O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend.'"
"Ah, here is my trouble. You know I thought I was one of his soldiers, and fighting in his army; but I do not believe I am, after all."



TRYING TO WRITE POETRY.

"Indeed! my dear child, what is the matter? have you been willfully sinning against your best friend, and fear you cannot be forgiven?"
"I have yielded to temptation, I know, though I have been fighting against sin, but doesn't the Bible tell us if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins?"
"Then what is it, Jenny, that troubles you, if you believe that promise?"
"If I was really his child, shouldn't I be willing to have Him bring upon me any affliction He chose?"
"I hope, Jenny, He would enable you to say, 'Thy will be done.'"
"That is it, Miss C.; I know I should not, and so of course I have been deceived when I thought I had given Him my heart."
"How do you know that, my child?"
"Why, I have been trying myself. It seems to me the greatest affliction that could befall me would be the loss of my mother, and I have been asking myself, if the Lord saw fit to remove her from this world, could I quietly submit without one murmuring thought. And I know I could not."
"My dear Jenny, what right have you to decide so? Do you not know the promise is, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be'? God, so to speak, does not waste his gifts. He would not give you the grace and strength you do not need. When He calls you to the trial, and not till then, need you expect the grace of submission."
"But that is not the only way I tried myself. I could not stand my other tests. I never could be willing, I know, to be as homely as Aunt Jane, or as poor as old Mrs. Ryan, or as deformed as little Aggie Dawes. Why, Miss C., what are you laughing at?"

"To think how you have been firing your little brain to imagine yourself in all these conditions, and then endeavoring to strain your conscience to say that you would enjoy the change. The question you should ask yourself is just this:

"Am I content to be simply Jenny Ray, and strive to serve Jesus in my own pleasant home, with all the loved circle about me, and am I willing to trust all the future to a covenant-keeping God, who 'is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think'?"

"But ought I not to be willing to have any of these things come upon me?"

"Not unless it is God's will, and you cannot know that it is, until they do come. And then if you are his child, He will give you all the grace you need with the trial."

"I have known people," continued Miss C., "all their lifetime to be troubled in regard to their dying hour; but when that hour came, dying grace was given, and the fearful one went home triumphantly. So, Jenny, do not try yourself any more by such tests, but watch yourself to see whether, in the little everyday occurrences of life, you are ready to yield your will to the Lord's will."

"Why, Miss C., you don't mean to say that when Arthur laughs at me, or when mother wants me to help her, just as I am in the midst of my studying, or the baby cries and I must amuse him, that by the

way I bear these little trials, I can tell whether I belong to Jesus or not?"

"Most certainly I do. If 'the very hairs of your head are all numbered,' and not even a sparrow can 'fall on the ground without your Father,' must we not conclude that all the little circumstances of your life are ordered by the same overruling Providence?"

"Ah, then I fear I shall be all the more convinced I am not his child."

"Heed the admonition, 'Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

'He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.'"

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST PAPER.

1. Moses' sister.
2. Naaman's servant.
3. Rhoda.

ENIGMA.

Children, obey your parents.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1. Trumpet.
2. Timbrel.
3. Sackbut, psaltery, cornet, flute, harp, and dulcimer.
4. Harp.
5. Cymbal.
6. Pipes or flutes.
7. Jubal.
8. Two silver trumpets.

1873.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

I. THE CHRISTIAN BANNER,

For Older Sabbath-school Scholars and Teachers,

In its new form of sixteen pages, has met with much favor from its old, also its thousands of new readers, in all parts of the country. Its largely-increased circulation, and the many favorable letters from our subscribers, and notices from the press, will justify us to claim that it is the

Cheapest and Best Paper for the Money in the Country.

Among the contributors to the paper during 1872 were the following: Rev. Kinsley Twining, Rev. S. R. Asbury, Horace E. Scudder, Prof. L. S. Potwin, Mrs. Herbert, Rev. E. A. Rand, Miss E. A. Walker, London, Mrs. Helen E. Brown, Alexander Hyde, Mrs. Jane Dunbar Chaplin, Frances Lee, Mrs. F. Burge Smith, Una Locke, Olive A. Wadsworth, Mrs. Jane A. Eames, Grace Webster Hinsdale, Kirkland, Charlotte Grey, Rev. Henry S. Berridge, Rev. David Peck, Rev. C. E. Fisher, Mary P. Hale, and many others.

During 1873 the attractions of the paper will be continued:—The "LESSONS FROM LIFE," Henry Ward Beecher's "LECTURE-ROOM TALKS," "THE BIBLE GLOSSARY," and "THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT."

In addition to these, we have made arrangements for regular

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giving the current religious news of Great Britain and the Continent. An attractive SERIAL STORY, inculcating in a practical form religious truth, may be expected.

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Single copy.....\$.50
Four copies, to one address.....1.00
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All persons subscribing for the BANNER, and paying FIFTY CENTS, will receive the New Year Almanac for 1873 FREE.

II. THE CHILD AT HOME,

For Sunday-school Scholars,

Has been improved by a new engraved heading, and no pains will be spared to make it more than ever worthy of the VERY LARGE CIRCULATION it has so long enjoyed.

The old contributors will be supplemented by new ones, and we doubt not they will make the children love their paper and profit by it.

The very high encomiums it has received during the past years encourage us to make strenuous efforts to improve it during the next, and to endeavor to make it the best paper of its kind.

Every article is intended to be not only interesting to the child, but also adapted to encourage him to strive for purity of life, and to give him help in the effort. As heretofore, The Child at Home will be published in two editions.

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Four times during the year we shall issue APPLES OF GOLD in brilliant colors, as a special premium, which will be highly appreciated by the children.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOLS not now taking THE CHILD AT HOME (either edition), THE CHRISTIAN BANNER, or APPLES OF GOLD, which send in their subscriptions before December 1st, will receive the November and December numbers FREE.

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